

legionary, Bannester Tarleton, the fiercest and most unscrupulous of all the British commanders in the South, but her voice did not tremble, and she looked the formidable partisan bravely in the face as she answered:

"My father is not in the house."

Then ensued a dialogue in which Polly showed considerable strategy in evading the literal truth, and in not committing herself to falsehood. She could not betray her father, and yet Polly felt it would be wrong to tell an untruth.

"If the captain is not at home, where is he, then?" questioned Tarleton.

"I can not tell."

"You mean you will not tell," said Tarleton, rattling his saber in its sheath. "But did your father go up or down?"

"I think he went down," replied Polly, satisfying her conscience with the mental qualification that he could not have gone up.

"'Tis as I feared," said the British leader. "We have been anticipated, and the bird has flown. But we may yet overtake the rebel. So, on, men, on!"

And the haughty Tarleton put spurs to his horse and galloped out of the door-yard followed by all his troop, their sabers rattling and clattering as they disappeared.

After the British had been gone sufficiently long, Captain Eager was helped out of his hiding place, and the family sat down to their Christmas dinner which, though a little belated, was none the less enjoyable. They had hardly finished their repast when there was another clattering of sabers and smashing of hoof in the door-yard, and a voice called for Captain Eager.

"It's Marion himself," said the captain, as a small, wiry man dismounted and walked up to the door.

"Yes, it's the Swamp Fox," admitted the new comer. "We are after Tarleton and his men, and we thought you would like to help us."

And while the captain was having his horse saddled, Mrs. Eager and Polly brought out the rest of the Christmas cheer for the hungry patriots to eat in their saddles.

"General," said Captain Eager, "if it hadn't been for Polly there, I shouldn't be here ready to ride with you. I should be yonder handing on one of those trees," and he related briefly how his little girl had probably saved his life by her thoughtfulness and bravery.

"Polly, you are a heroine, a brave little Christmas heroine, declared the famous leader, stooping to kiss the brown little face. "If America is ever free she will owe it to our women."

Today in a South Carolina mansion there is preserved the sampler which Polly worked on the day she turned the tables on the redoubtable Tarleton and kissed the Swamp Fox, and it is an heirloom prized indeed as a memento of the patriotism and heroism of a little girl who lived and acted well her part in the times that tried men's souls.—The Advance.

If we urge men to enthrone Christ in their hearts, we must ourselves believe in his universal triumph.

## ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS.

Friendship is not uncommon among the representatives of different species. In the New York Central Park Zoo, a big Polar bear and his distant cousin, a grizzly, were confined in the same pit, but it was considered expedient to separate them by a strong partition of bars. Both were full-grown, husky specimens of their breed, and had they ever come together with intent to kill, it is probable that the entire force of keepers could not have separated them.

One day, a small boy threw a paper box, containing some sugared popcorn, into the grizzly's side of the pit. It fell close to the partition, and, in trying to shove it away with his muzzle, the grizzly clumsily pushed it into a hole just under the partition bars. The greater part of the hole was on the Polar bear's side of the house, and he could have easily pushed out the box, but he seated himself on his haunches and watched his neighbor trying to get his big paw down the opening of the hole. It proved too small, and the box was too deep down. At last the grizzly gave it up, and sat ruefully regarding his lost treasure.

Suddenly the Polar bear rose to the occasion. He waddled over to the hole on his side, rolled over on his side, thrust his paw down, and shoved the box up into the grizzly's yard.

Ever after that the two giants were good friends. The Polar bear would often stretch himself out beside the partition on a hot day and poke his long, slim muzzle in between the bars. Grizzly would drop down, too, and shove his snout against his friend's, and thus they would sleep for hours, grunting their dreams into each other's ears.

## A PRETTY DOG STORY.

Here is a pretty dog story, which is also quite true. During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier, he was visited by a celebrated singer. The lady was asked to sing, and seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad of "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and, seating himself by her side, watched her as though fascinated, listening with delight unusual in an animal. When she had finished, he came and put his paw very gently into her hand, and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is 'Robin Adair.'"

The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment, during the lady's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side while she was indoors, and when she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.—"Scottish American."

Little Dottie, aged three, while eating a piece of hard molasses candy, bit her tongue. On being asked her trouble, she exclaimed, "Why, my teeth stepped on the end of my tongue."—Boston Journal.